

WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 19, 1896.

UNCLE SAM SETTLES THE SUCCESSION WITH THE BALL AND BAT

"Play ball!" shouted Uncle Sam in a voice audible from Penobscot to Chinatown, as he gayly tossed a brand new, glistening metal into the yellow dust of the diamond at Washington National Ball Park.

Uncle Sam, as will be inferred from this order, which is given only by the mightiest

Convention Called off and Both Parties Summoned to do Battle on the Diamond—Democratic Candidates go into Training at the White House—Mr. Carlisle's Experiences in the Classroom.

ball, Mr. Olney being the catcher on that occasion.

In the meanwhile the press reports from the mansion were to the effect that the President would be the star batter of the team. In order to make Mr. Carlisle perfectly safe while at practice, he was nominated as pitcher and elected at the second meeting of the Cabinet and Mr. Hill and others who will be found in the lineup at the bench. It was also noted that when Mr. Hill had the stick in his hands Mr. Cleveland left the room.

It was generally understood that Mr. Reed would be the pitcher for the U. S. P. line, and that Mr. McKinley would be catcher. The latter had caught nearly everything in sight before the game, and they came logically to the conclusion that he would keep it up on the diamond.

It was also argued that as Mr. Cleveland had caught Mr. Carlisle's bat in the right place, or about the right place, he could also gather in his parolous, so it was with one voice determined that Mr. Cleveland would do the act behind the bat. As to the other dispositions, it was resolved to wait and see what would develop on the U. S. P. side before making any further announcements. There was a good deal of speculation as to the names to be finally adopted by the great national ball tossers. Mr. Reed had spoken of the opposition as the "Call-let Puddin' Club," and this found great favor with the small boys at the park. It was also suggested that the "Robber Barons" were not new at all, but the "Elephant" was too long. Besides, Elephant was too significant of a "walk over," and if the opposition was to get anything they were to "steal it," as usual, so "Robber Barons" went as the baptismal name of the Republican aggregation.

It was the 11th of May before the indoor and backyard campaign was over. The Puddin' Club had selected blue shirts, white knickerbockers and yellow caps. The Barons were in black, dress, opaque, glossy black, from head to foot.

There were a great many irrelevant remarks made about his nobby yellow cap, his pants, his immaculate blue shirt, his thumbs, bones, and general anatomy, but he was cold, calm and impressive.

In changing his position he stood astride of the plate, and there there were cries of "Get off the platform," "There's the New York straddle."

Dave is, however, quite an expert. Just as soon as Pitcher Reed let her go and unwound himself like a spiral spring Dave dived.

"One strike!" yelled Uncle Sam. "Rotten, rotten!" came through the 50,000 eager holes in the fence. "Dead rotten! Take it out and bury it!"

There wasn't any doubt that it hit something, but it wasn't a good one. "Never touched me!" shouted that gentleman, setting up off the earth. "This gentleman is badly hurt, however," explained McKinley, as he pointed out a certain police officer who was struck under the left ear by the Reed thunderbolt.

"What? Rotten! Rotten! Give 'em de good!" "Throw up de bat!" were first at the deaf umpire. This was from the partisans of the barons.

But Mr. Hill hadn't watched baseball in New York and Washington for nothing. The very next net-courte that came along he stretched out his stick deftly and touched the ball lightly on the billion dollar trade mark. It was a huge success in one respect, but it ruined the wrong way—the way in which the young man lifted his grandmother from the floor. Mr. Hill's aunt roared to the right. The people went wild over the finesse and Mr. Hill went wild over the ball. He caught up with it as mounted it. He tried to ride it. It bucked like a broncho, and at last he went down in the dust all over it. It was a good touchdown, but it was painful, as anyone could see who observed the set expression on the Senator's face. There was a misunderstanding as to what should be done, until Mr. Olney ran in and raised Mr. Hill over on the other side and touched him with the ball.

Mr. Morton said that he would have done it himself, but that his instructions were to "hold first base," and besides that, a man except on a fly, can only be put out "while running the bases," and that Mr. Hill was lying down. He was therefore clearly not within the rule. The umpire sustained Mr. Morton.

Mr. Hill said, en passant to the bench, that he never at was in the company of politicians but what he was touched for something or other. The light had gone out of his life.

The puddin' club next put up Mr. Whitney. He was a trifle nervous, but he was

down the chute, he shut his eyes and struck through the air on a level with his garters. He was sure that the ball would fly over McKinley's head. But you can't tell.

Reed had accidentally evolved a down-swing and the President's bat met it just way. It was a pop fly. It passed just over

the tips of Reed's fingers as he vaulted in the air and came down on his back, but he held up his hands, clinched together.

The President started down the pike in a rolling gallop, and Hill was half way to second. Reed rose to the emergency and made a dash to throw the ball to second. Hill paused, and immediately there went up a tremendous chorus of "Slide! Slide! Slide! you slob!"

Fortunately the President took this as to himself, and he pitched forward twenty feet from first into the dust. Morton ran up to him on general principles, having nothing else to do, and put his hand on his shoulder. He then sauntered back to first base, while Quay, Alger, and the rest sat down on or near second.

Hill walked home, and the President was escorted back bodily to the bench by a committee.

The second half of the first inning was, as it were, the fifth act in the tragedy of the C. F. C. Mr. Carlisle studied solemnly to the pitcher's box. Mr. Olney was put in to catch, as the President was hors de combat, and failed to connect with that end of the battery.

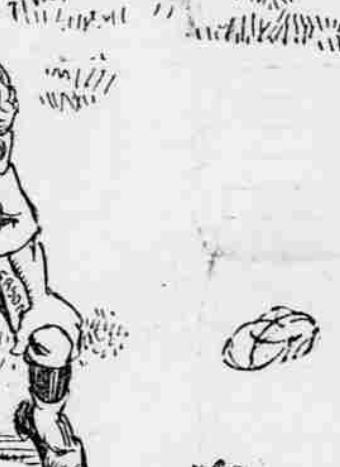
McKinley walked up to the new tin plate, but his hand, Olney started in to catch right up against the McKinley bat.

There was a long pause.

"Play ball!" thundered the umpire.

"Can't play without a ball," remarked Mr. Carlisle in his accustomed sententious style, when dealing with doubtful questions.

Here they were a parody. Morton was alleged to have had "it" last, when he touched Mr. Cleveland.



Pulled off at the Park—Reed and Morton's Great Double Play at First Base—President Cleveland's Famous Slide—Hill Caught Between the Bases and Throws up the Sponge—Morton Raises a Point of Order.

"Keep back! Keep back!" yelled a brother policeman from the roof of the grand stand. "If ye be hit, ye'll be struck hard."

By this time the alley behind the batter got a little wider, and the next ball went whizzing down the corridor and hit the fence, after which it was neatly pulled in by the expert catcher.

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Freedom was pacing the floor with the political baby in his arms.

"Yes, nine favorite sons, every one of them with a malignant case of White House measles, or rabies."

"Ever heard of baseball, uncle?"

"Columbus," said the old man with infinite pathos, "that is today your era. In fact, eureka! I'll be baseball by the bones of all the dead empires in the cemetery. I'll have this thing settled with the ball and bat, if I have to drag the favorites round the bases by a halter."

"Write me out a good, strong first page proclamation. Convey the idea that there are times when men must rise above party, even if it requires a halter, that they will have one whole day to rise in, and a reverse practice; that I will be umpire and that the gatekeeper will see West as a missionary fund for the winners."

When this manifesto had gone abroad in the land there was a great change in the domestic economy of eighteen of the greatest men of their age and size this country has ever produced.

Mr. Carlisle, as was expected, who had retired from political life for six weeks, bought more chips and went back into the game. Mr. Quay and Mr. Platt went out regularly before and after meals into the plaza of the Palace de Leen and practiced with the ball and bat.

Up at the White House there were Cabinet days six or seven times a week, and from the news that filtered through the hole in the front door, it was learned that the President was doing fairly well after the first day's exercise. He had been suffering from an acute attack of pain below the belt, which was caused by Mr. Carlisle hitting him with the bat, which he let go as soon as the President delivered the first

marks made about his nobby yellow cap, his pants, his immaculate blue shirt, his thumbs, bones, and general anatomy, but he was cold, calm and impressive.

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game. He stooped down in a nonchalant, familiar way to brush the dust off the glove plate with his cap. But when he glanced at the cap and again at the dirt he replaced the cap on his head. It was a silk cap, embroidered by the ladies of the Whosover Society of New York city. He therefore kicked the dust off and said, quite au fait: "Gimme a low ball."

Mr. Reed looked around, and noting that there was a quorum present and paying attention, he doubled himself up again into a black bow-knot, turned his back to Whitney, talked to himself and got back into position. Frump as he recoiled, Mr. Morton took it in out of the wet at first base

ing slightly off first base, when down came the ball from second. Nobody knew how it got to second, but Hill made a magnificent slide and got on wither. Whitney, with the bruised back, got on the first base line, and was shouting to Hill to "play off" when three stepped up to the pitcher's box, and "the engine" was appealed to by the boys on the fence. "Too many catchers," "oh, crowd the monkey," and "give him a run for his money" were fired at the imperturbable umpire, who was attending strictly to business.

"One strike!" cried the umpire, as the ball hit the fence.

"Didn't see it," remarked Casey, bludily.

"Weren't looking," chirped in Mr. Quay, from a great distance.

Then the second ball came along. It was on the dead level, and a daisy. The President humped himself, got up on one leg, and let drive at it. It hit the fence and Mr. Thurston turned pale.

Catcher McKinley moved up. The crowd sitting down stood up. Right field, left field and shortstop ran in to second base. Hard-pan moved over from third to short. These new tactics demoralized Hill. He froze to first base. It was a moment of intense excitement.

Reed was performing the Kautelove-Koutelove with himself, and McKinley was doing the Charlotte Conday act behind the bat. Cleveland sized up Reed for an over-head trolley delivery and when the ball came

with a sang froid that blanched Mr. Whitney's face.

"Keep them down, Mr. Pitcher; keep them down," said the umpire, "and besides, remember you are playing baseball. You're not supposed to be shooting piers out of a rotary trap. That New England style don't go in the District. One ball!"

This was about the only deliverance of the umpire that was not disputed by one side or the other.

Mr. Morton handed himself with a perfect knowledge of the game. He walked over from first to the pitcher's box and handed Mr. Reed the ball to discount all mishaps in transit. This annoyed the ex-Secretary of the Navy exceedingly, and especially as he distinctly "saw" Mr. Morton say something to Mr. Reed. He believed to this day that Mr. Morton said, "Kill him." To heighten this impression, Mr. Reed shot another aerolite at Mr. Whitney which sizzled past the back of the batter's head, just brushing his hair, as it were.

"Keep 'em down, Tom; keep 'em down," repeated Clarkson from the left coacher's line.

But Tom had his blood up, and the very next time he let her go he struck Mr. Whitney in the middle of the back. He was as solid over to the beach, and after a short consultation Mr. Hill trotted down to first base. It had been agreed that Mr. Hill's record as a runner was several lengths ahead of anything on the bench.

Then there was a repetition of the "hell they breaks loose in Georgia" when anybody runs for or against anybody else a primary election. Pattison and Stevenson got on the coacher's lines, and were distinctly audible at the White House.

Platt was in an intense state of excitement. He had bet \$500,000 that the C. F. C. couldn't make a run. Thurston looked jubilant. He knew something that Platt had not known, and which everybody knew, when the glorious form of the Chief Magistrate stepped up to the plate with the third-term bat in his hand.

In fact, he held it in both hands, with his right index finger on the trigger. For the thousand boys at the sugar holes, in the trees, on the shed and on the fences, the air was full of nothing but ducks. But the President was calm, although his face was pale. It was a condition that confronted him and not a theory.

Destiny told him there was only one chance for the run, and fate had put Hill one base ahead of him. He was thinking of this only while the profane masses were shouting "Casey!" "Casey!" "Come from behind that blud!" "Look out for Hill's skates!" "Give 'em both barrels!" and sundry other irrelevances.

While this was going on Hill was monkey-

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